

THE  
MALSTER'S GARLAND.

Composed of Two Excellent

New SONGS.

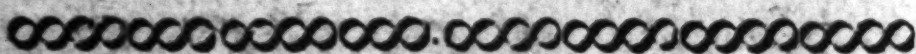
1. The Landlord and Malster.
2. The Poor Man's Resolution for Contentment.



Licenced and entered according to Order.



# The MALSTER's Garland.



The LANDLORD and MALSTER.

**A**N honest poor Landlord,  
 Who liv'd near this Place,  
 Who by his Malster  
 Was brought to Disgrace;  
 His Wife being handsome,  
 With the Malster she lay,  
 In the Morning or Evening,  
 Or Noon Time of Day.

This honest Landlord  
 Had a handsome Wife,  
 The Malster he lov'd her  
 As dear as his Life;  
 Because she was handsome,  
 With the Malster she'd play,  
 At Morning, &c.

This Landlord he brewed  
 Both pale Ale and brown,  
 For grinding in his Mill,  
 Made the Malster come down,

Two Bowls at a Time,  
The Malster did pay  
At Morning, &c.

d. This contented Landlord,  
Was to the Malster in Debt,  
For the Use of his Mill,  
Had great Cause to fret,  
For the Wife's got with Child  
By the Malster they say,  
At Morning, &c.

This Malster made Malt,  
Of both Pale and Brown,  
And with his good Malt  
Serv'd most Inns in the Town;  
*Do you want any Malt,*  
O the Malster did say,  
At Morning, &c.

When she did behold him,  
She'd come to the Door,  
Saying, *I'll have two Bowls,*  
*And I'll have no more,*  
*Come into my Chamber,*  
*And the Money I'll pay,*  
At Morning, &c.

Soon as he got up Stairs,  
She'd often say so,

*My own loving Husband  
Of this doth not know.  
Down backwards she'd fall,  
And her Words was as this,  
Take a Slice of a cut Loaf,  
It cannot be miss'd,*

*This Malster he sent her,  
Both pale Malt and brown,  
When he call'd for his Money,  
She'd bid him sit down;  
You have ground in my Mill,  
And for it shall pay,  
At Morning, &c.*

*The Landlord he catch'd  
The Malster in his Ground,  
For using his Mill,  
Paid many brave Pound;  
Besides all the Money,  
He spent in good Ale,  
Boys, if you catch a Coney,  
Don't catch her by the Tail.*

*If you catch her by the Tail  
You are surely undone,  
Get one of your own,  
Then no Mischief will come,  
He has lost store of Malt,  
And full dear he did pay,  
At Morning, &c.*



The Goodman's Horns,  
 With Gold they were tipp'd,  
 By our Excifeman,  
 Who loves a Nice Bit,  
 When he comes to gage her,  
 With his Rule she did play,  
 At Morning, &c.

Our wanton Excifemen,  
 They will slide their Rule,  
 And oftentimes fish  
 In another Man's Poole;  
 They gage very deep,  
 And nothing they'll pay,  
 At Morning nor Evening,  
 Nor at Noon Time of Day.



*The POOR MAN'S RESOLUTION for  
 Contentment.*

**T**O all honest Friends,  
 This principal I'll send;  
 It is neither to beg nor to crave,  
 Tho' I am but poor,  
 And some has great Store,  
 I'm content with the little I have.

But

But as for Want,  
 I'll be no Vagabond,  
 Tho' many there be that do so ;  
 Right honest I'll be,  
 And love those that love me,  
 I care not which Way the World goes.

If Fortune doth frown,  
 I'll not cast myself down,  
 My Lot must be what it does fall;  
 Care will make worse,  
 It will ne'er fill my Purse,  
 Sure there is a Day will mend all.

It is quite a Folly,  
 For me to be sorry,  
 It must be whether I will or no;  
 So with Pocket I'll rest,  
 And hope for the best,  
 And care not how the World goes.

Why should I take Care,  
 And be drown'd in Despair,  
 If Fortune be e'er so unkind,  
 Why should I be sad,  
 For the Things I ne'er had,  
 Or falsely be troubled in Mind.

No, no, I do hate,  
 To pine at that Rate,  
 Tho' many there be that do so;

Right

Right loving I'll be  
 To them that loves me,  
 And I care not which Way the World goes.

There's many a Cuff  
 Gets more than enough,  
 Why should I repine at his Blifs,  
 If I am content  
 With the little I've sent,  
 I hope I shall never do amifs.

While others gain Wealth,  
 Pray Jove grant me Health,  
 And Money to pay where I owe,  
 Right honest I'll be,  
 And love those that love me,  
 And I care not which Way the World goes.

There's many one goes  
 In gallant fine Cloaths,  
 To gain a great deal of Respect;  
 Tho' I be but poor,  
 I run not on Score,  
 I think myself honestly deck'd.

Tho' they be not so brave,  
 They're my own that I have,  
 And many a one cannot say so.

I like what I wear,  
 Tho' they be not so dear,  
 And I care not which Way the World goes.  
 The



The greedy Curmudgion  
 Sits all the Day moping,  
 At home with brown Bread and small Beer.  
 He mugs up his Wealth,  
 And almost hungers himself;  
 He scarce gets a good Meal in the Year.

But I will not do so,  
 However it go,  
 For with me it will never agree,  
 And right honest I'll be,  
 And love those that love me,  
 And I care not which Way the World goes.

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